

Socialism and the Labor Problem

A PLEA FOR SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

BY

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The object of material advancement is to give man more of the comforts and enjoyments of life, to lessen the burdens of maintenance, and furnish him with the facilities of mental, moral and spiritual development. Social progress is a blessing when utilized to diminish the intensity of the struggle for existence. When the human mind is liberated from the bondage of incessant toil, it will study the Infinite in the works of creation, and soar aloft on the wings of thought beyond the floating clouds, amidst "gleams and flames of purple light that roll in glittering billows in that vast wilderness of worlds" that fleck and jewel and spangle the broad firmament of heaven. Every step on the road that leads to the snow-capped peaks of intelligence brings us nearer to the source of light and the fountain of glory. The purpose of civilization is to elevate the aspirations of man, that he might arise in contemplation from the clod and the furrow to the battlements of the eternal Zion, and march through the golden city and seek refuge at the foot of the jasper throne. Any civilization that fails to accomplish this purpose is unworthy of the designation.

We have surpassed all the generations of history in the accumulation of wealth, in the march of material progress. We have shackled the flash of the stormy skies, and sent it on errands of peace and war, love and mercy, over oceans and continents to the ends of the earth. We have utilized the fiery elements in

the illumination of our residences, and in the transformation of the sable shadows of night into the golden sheen of day. We have harnessed the fleecy vapors to wheels of iron, and lashed the child of flame and flood into foaming steeds, that fly with cargoes of human lives and the wealth of human industry, over hill and vale, and dell and dale, and mountain-crag and moonlit wave.

The genius of invention has invaded all the avenues of trade, and every field of industry is filled with the glory of its triumphs. In weaving, one man to-day can do as much work as fifty-four men could do one hundred years ago; in spinning, one man can do the work of eleven hundred men; in making horse-shoes, one man can do the work of five hundred men; in making nails, one can do the work of one thousand men; in shipping, one can do the work of two thousand men; in making tin cans, a boy can do the work of twenty-five men; in making musical instruments, one man can do the work of eighty-five men; and in coal-mining, one man can do the work of ten men. These are a few illustrations taken from hundreds that could easily be recounted.

If our powers of productivity have been multiplied twenty-fold within the last half century, then we should have twenty times the amount of comforts for the same application of labor in the days of our fathers. But such is not the case. Poverty has everywhere kept pace with the march of progress. In one part of the city is a magnificent mansion, adorned with Oriental rugs and carpets and drapery from the work-shops of Switzerland, windows of variegated colors from the factories of Germany, statuary of the finest marble and most delicate carving, paintings of the richest hues and most artistic skill; and in another part of the city is the cabin and the shanty, the hut and the hovel,

where whole families are huddled together in one room, living in the most degraded state of poverty, where the sunshine of joy and the smile of happiness never beam. On one street is the grand old Cathedral, ornamented with marble altars and crystal shrines, and architecture and frescoing that rival the genius of mediaeval Europe, windows of most delicate tracery, and spires that taper away toward the heavens and are lost in the skies ; and on another street is the throne of iniquity, the haunt of vice, the cess-pool of corruption, where human souls are festering in moral putridity, and where they are hurled from a life of degradation, misery and sorrow, into the gulf of eternal perdition. Are your ears deaf to the lamentations that echo throughout this great land, from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf to the Lakes? Are your hearts callous to the widow's wail and the orphan's cry?

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
 Ere the sorrows come with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their
 mothers,
 And that can not stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 And the young flowers are blowing toward the
 west;
 But the young, young children, O my brothers!
 They are weeping bitterly;
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free."

Let us examine the cause of these social evils ; and we will begin the examination with a few definitions.

Wealth consists of natural products that have been modified by human exertion so as to fit them for the gratification of human desires. The land in itself is not wealth, for land in itself can not satisfy human desires. In vain would you appeal to the hills and vales to transform their verdure into lager beer and sauerkraut. In vain would you plead with the woods and groves to transmute their growth into potatoes and macaroni. It requires labor to develop the latent energies of nature, and to bring forth its hidden possibilities. We say that America is more wealthy than she was one hundred years ago, and by that statement we do not mean to say that she has more land, more natural resources, that her hills are higher, her valleys richer, that her streams are longer and her mountains grander; but we affirm that her natural resources have been converted into food, clothing, factories, cities and railroads. The factors of wealth are land and labor. Land includes the entire earth—the coal fields, oil wells, gold and silver deposits, the fowl of the air, the fish of the deep, and the beasts of the field—for these deposits have been created by the operation of nature, and these living organisms derive their subsistence from the earth. Labor is human exertion applied to the land to bring forth its hidden treasures, and form them into new creations that satisfy human desires.

More than one hundred years ago Adam Smith wrote that "The produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor. In that original state of things which precedes both the appropriation of land and the accumulation of stock, the whole produce of labor belongs to the laborer. Had that state continued, the wages of labor would have augmented with all those improvements in its productive powers to which the division of labor gives occasion. All

things would gradually have become cheaper. They would have been produced by a smaller quantity of labor, and as the commodities produced by equal quantities of labor, would naturally, in this state of things, be exchanged for one another, they would have been produced, likewise, with a smaller quantity." (Wealth of Nations, Chap. 8.)

If I kill a deer, that deer is my wages, for it represents the product of my toil. If I make a chair, that chair is my wages, for it is the result of my labor. If I raise one hundred bushels of wheat, that is my wages, for it is the product of my exertions. The division of labor does not alter this simple principle. A number of men pursue different avocations. One is a hunter, another is a fisherman, a third picks berries, a fourth raises fowl, a fifth cultivates corn, and a sixth grows wheat. The man who goes out on the briny deep and braves the storm and flood, and wind and wave, and brings forth the finny tribe from the aqueous realm, can exchange his wealth for the commodities produced by the labor of his fellowmen.

But they claim that capital is a factor of wealth. This statement is absolutely false, for capital is not an active principle, but a passive agency. Silver dollars and bags of gold will not command the energies of nature. Machinery will not create wealth, unless used by human energy. Capital is merely an instrument in the hands of labor, and has no power of production apart from labor. But is not land an instrument in the hands of labor? Yes, it is an instrument, but it is also an active agency. It contains creative forces, but it requires labor to direct these forces. The sea produces fish, but labor removes the fish from the deep and renders them fit articles of food. The earth produces corn, but labor must plow the furrow and sow the grain.

Capital does not support labor, and wages is not drawn from capital. A shoe manufacturer opens his establishment on Monday morning. He has capital in building, machinery, leather, and money. On Saturday night he pays his operatives, but this does not diminish his capital. He has the same building, the same machinery, less leather and less money; but he has more shoes. He has simply transformed capital of one kind into capital of another. The operatives have increased the wealth of the proprietor before they receive their compensation, and the money they get in payment for their services is a draught on the world's wealth.

Capital depends on labor, but the latter does not depend on capital. If all the laborers would vanish from the world to-day, capitalists would perish in less than six months, for production would cease, and famine would reign from one end of the earth to the other. But if all the capitalists would pass down into the grave, and bury their wealth in their tombs, laborers would not only survive, but grow rich, for then they would get the full amount of the wealth produced by their exertions. It is true that they would be without money and without machinery, but they would soon create these as they have created the wealth of the world.

Labor has brought the blessing of civilization to the wilderness. It has invaded the mighty primeval forests, felled the pine and the oak, the beech and the elm, adorned the streams with the hamlet and the village, the town and the city. Labor has made our streets and mills and factories and palaces. It has plowed the furrow and raised the corn and reaped the grain. It has covered our fields with flocks, and transformed the unbroken woodland into smiling meads and leas. It has threaded our land with rail-

roads, and built those magnificent iron-clad ships that carry the products of one clime to the shores of another. It has established our schools and colleges and universities. It supports our professors and scientists, and has enabled them to bear the sun of civilization over land and wave, from the ice-bound regions of the North to the foaming billows of the South. Since labor produces all wealth, it should own all wealth.

Capital is stored-up labor, and hence the latter precedes and creates capital. Capital is the child of labor, and has no right to labor's products. Capital is that part of wealth devoted to the aid of production. If we had no capital in money, labor would be compelled to make its own exchanges at a great loss of time and inconvenience. If we had no capital in machinery, labor could not operate with the same facility. Away back in the primeval ages of time all men obeyed the scriptural injunction and earned their living in the sweat of their brow.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

God gave to mankind the earth, which was a common heritage. "I have given you every herb-bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat. And to all the beasts of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to all that move upon the earth wherein there is life that they may have to feed upon." (Gen., 1st Chap.) Blackstone, referring to this grant, writes: "That is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of mankind." (Com., Book 2d., p. 208.)

Again, man has a right to life. But land is necessary to the exercise of that right; therefore man has a right to the use of land, and it can not become private property. He that owns the land is master of those who live upon it, and can force them to give him the product of their labor for the privilege of living. If I owned the entire earth, I could drive every human being into the briny deep. I could compel the multitude to serve me under the stroke of the lash, or crouch as minions at the foot of my throne.

Moreover, the only basis of private property is the right that a man has to the ownership of his person, and his powers and faculties. An article belongs to me, because I have made it. But if I have a right to the product of my labor I have, also, a right to the material upon which I expend my labor, and therefore a right to the land. If I have no right to the land, then I have no right to the ownership of my person and the product of my labor, for these rights are dependent on the right to the use of the land.

Besides its inherent, or natural value, arising from its fertility or productive energy, land has a social value; that is, a value created by society. Two hundred years ago I could have bought the land upon which the city of Cincinnati now stands for the sum of one dollar, whereas to-day it is worth many millions. For in that remote day the wigwam rested on Mt. Adams and Price Hill, the red man's canoe glided along on the bosom of the Ohio, and the dusky warrior roamed through the surrounding forest, and feared not the pale-faced intruder from the shores of the Potomac and the Susquehanna. But since then the light of civilization has penetrated the wilderness of the West, the forests have been cleared away, and the Queen City has been built on the ruins of the Indian village. The increased value of this land is

the product of society, and therefore should belong to society.

Man can be considered in a two-fold relation—as an individual and as a member of society. As an individual he is entitled to the product of his labor, and as a member of society he is entitled to the enjoyment of the common fund created by social factors. The individual living apart from society could never accumulate a competence. By his unaided efforts he could not make more than twenty cents per day, and this would scarcely provide him with the necessaries of life. Let the individual migrate to the wilds of Asia or the jungles of Africa, and he will never become wealthy, because there is no one to fleece. The isolated individual may seek a climate where nature smiles on every leaf of vernal wood, and every sheaf of golden grain, and every field of waving corn, and every grove of yellow fruit, and yet he will be compelled to earn his living in the sweat of his brow, all the days of his life. Why, then, does the same individual, living in America, rise from a state of mendicancy to vast opulence within a few years? Because he robs labor of its fruit, and he appropriates the wealth accumulated by the progress of society.

Improvement in the method of production is the creation of social advancement. The inventor borrows his ideas, not only from contemporaries, but also from the genius of past centuries and lost ages. He appropriates the knowledge of a hundred minds, and the progress of a dozen generations. The author culls flowers from every tree in the broad field of literature. The sculptor studies the models of Grecian art, and becomes familiar with the works of mediaeval masters. The accumulated knowledge of the past is thus transmitted from age to age, as the heritage of the human race, and therefore it is common property. The indi-

vidual, as a member of society, is entitled to the advantages arising from the wealth of society.

But society has been spoliated by the vile and the cunning, and the common heritage has been used to create lords and dukes and money kings. The land is monopolized, and the instruments of production have passed into the hands of capitalists. Labor no longer reaps the fruit of its toils, but has become a commodity in the market, and is sold to the highest bidder. The value of labor is the wealth that it produces. The price of labor is the wages paid. The difference between the raw material of the article and the value of the manufactured article, is the value of labor performed. If the capitalist, however, would give that price for labor, he would make nothing. People must live, and as they are deprived of the means of production, they are willing to sell their labor for any price. The manufacturer goes into the labor market and finds a number of men seeking employment. The first endeavors to exact the full value of his labor, and his offer is treated with contempt and ridicule. The second says that he has a wife and family and must work, but it will require two dollars per day to support them, "and I can not work for less." A third says: "I have a wife, but no family, and I am willing to work for one dollar per day." The fourth is a single man, and can afford to work for fifty cents a day. The last is hired, and the others join the army of beggars and tramps. The laborer creates ten dollars of wealth and receives fifty cents in payment, and the nine dollars and fifty cents goes to the capitalist in profits.

With the growth of society, the division of labor and the multiplication of machinery, competition among the toilers is intensified, till wages is reduced to the lowest possible point upon which labor can live

and reproduce. This is Ricardo's law of wages, called by Lassalle the iron law of wages. As the wage-earner learns to economize, his standard of living becomes permanent, and his compensation is fixed accordingly. Owing to the dearth of laborers in England, in 1363, a statute was framed regulating the diet of workmen, and specifying the clothing that they must wear in order to reduce their expenses and diminish their wages. Four hundred years afterwards, Pitt, Fox and Whitbread, the mental giants of English statesmanship, defended this cruel and unjust doctrine, and claimed that wages must be proportioned to wants, and not to services. It is not necessary, now, to pass such laws, since competition in the reduction of wages is more potent than legislative decrees. In China laborers live on rats, and a dog is regarded as a great delicacy. In less than half a century the condition of the laborer in America will be as deplorable as the condition of the toiling class among the bronzed children of the Orient. I predict that the day is not far distant when the poor people of this land will live on roasted skunk and boiled cat.

The result of our economic system is seen in the growth of poverty among the toilers, and the amassment of wealth by the idlers and parasites of society. In England there are seven hundred thousand people constantly idle; eight hundred thousand paupers, and twenty million poor. More than half the national income belongs to ten thousand people. Thirty thousand people own fifty-five sixths of all the land and capital in the kingdom. The same conditions are being realized in America. In the census report of 1889 it was shown that New York had a population of one million five hundred thousand, and one million one hundred thousand lived in tenement houses. William Pepper stated on the floor of the National Senate that ten thousand farmers are annually losing

their farms in the State of Kansas, and statistics prove that there is a wonderful increase in land mortgages in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska.

While competition is reducing the small farmers to a state of tenantry, the large land-holders are annually extending their domains. The Vanderbilts own two million acres. The Hamilton-Disston Company, of Philadelphia, own four million acres. A Dutch company owns two million acres. The Murphy brothers own two million acres, Lord Scully three million, the English aristocracy twenty million, and the railroads over two hundred million. On the large farms of the West wheat can be raised for twenty cents per bushel, whereas it costs forty-eight cents on the small farms of Kentucky and Ohio. In America four thousand families own twenty billions, and twenty-five thousand persons own more than half the national wealth. Ten men own two billions, and three men own six hundred millions. In a few years America will be a land of millionaires and paupers.

Mr. George K. Holmes, of the United States Census Department, classifies and illustrates the distribution of the national wealth and population. The working class, 6,504,796 families, or 52 per cent. The middle class, 4,904,091 families, or 39 per cent. The capitalist class, 1,091,325 families, or 9 per cent. The working class own \$2,746,000,000, which is $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The middle class, \$14,550,000,000, which is $24\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Capitalist class, \$42,203,000,000, which is 71 per cent. The laboring people receive only 17 per cent. of the wealth which they produce, while 83 per cent. goes to capital, or is wasted in the struggle for business.

Give the laboring man the full value of his labor, and there will be no hard times, no stagnation of indus-

try, no strikes, no lock-outs, no crises, no failures, and, above all, the land will not be cursed with over-production, while millions are starving and in tatters.

When the laboring man has money and leisure, his wants are increased, and he will spend his earnings in the satisfaction of his desires. When the wage-earner gets eight dollars a day, he will use more tea, and this calls for more ships to transport the tea from China, more wood to make the ships, more iron and steel, more men to man the ships, more warehouses, more masons and carpenters to build these structures.

Again, we exchange our commodities for tea, and this requires more laborers to produce the commodities. Good wages signifies that the laboring man will have the best beef on his table. Now it needs more farmers to raise cattle, more corn and hay to feed the cattle, more butchers to slaughter the animals. The farmer and the butcher will spend their money in the grocery store; they will wear better clothes, have pianos for their daughters. The grocer and woolen manufacturer will have a larger trade, and thus the business activity of the nation is enhanced, and every one is comfortable and happy.

The capitalist is not to be censured, for he is the victim of circumstances. The system has created him, and he must adopt the methods of the system, or perish in the whirlpool of destruction. Five men are engaged in the manufacturing of cloth. They pay their operatives four dollars per day, and their profits are reasonable. All are satisfied, with one exception. This individual dreams of a palace, with liveried servants. He must mount the ladder of fame, his daughter's accomplishments must grace the halls of a castle, and his grand-children must inherit the blood of aristocracy. But his plebeian origin is an impediment to his social aspirations. He must surmount the obstacle

and triumph over the obscurity of his birth by the fascination of glittering gold. But his profits are not large enough to enable him to realize the dreams of his ambition. He attempts to reduce the wages of his employees one dollar per day, and as he has one thousand men in his establishment, this small theft will enhance his income \$300,000 annually. The men refuse to submit, and quote the wages paid in the other establishments. But the manufacturer is obstinate. The men strike, the mill is closed, and the trade of his competitors is increased. He finally succumbs to the force of circumstances, and re-opens his mill at the original wage scale.

One year later a machine is invented which will dispense with half the labor, and this ambitious individual takes advantage of the improvement to reduce his force and curtail expenses. He selects five hundred of his best men, and discharges the remainder. Competition produces the inevitable results. The discharged men offer to work for three dollars per day. They are retained, and the other five hundred are discharged. This army of employees moves on to the next factory, and to their dismay, they find the machine in operation, with the same consequences, and their ranks are swelled by another regiment. They now besiege the third factory, and the brigade is increased by another five hundred. The army moves on to the fourth and fifth establishments, and learn, to their sorrow, that their entire forces, including the proprietors of the mills, are ready to join their ranks, for competition has driven them from the field of industry and their mills are closed. This is the work of one ambitious individual. The only remedy for the evils is the abolition of the competitive system, and the introduction of Socialism.

Man has a right to his inheritance, a right to his

labor as an individual, and a right to his labor as a member of society. Therefore, let society assume ownership of the means of production and distribution, that every individual may enjoy his inalienable rights.

Leo XIII., in his "Encyclical on Labor," says that man is anterior to society, and government can not deprive him of his natural rights. By nature man owns his person and powers and faculties and the product of his labor, and no government on earth has a right to interfere with these natural gifts. Under our present system the government can not regulate wages, for in the uncertainties of trade allowance must be made for perils arising to commerce. Under Socialism, dangers of this nature would be obviated, and after paying for wear and replacement of machinery, and necessary expenses, the profits would go entirely to the producers of wealth.

Competition begets envy and hatred, creates struggles between class and class, destroys fraternal love, victimizes the weak on the altar of Mammon for the glorification of the strong, leads to adulteration, deceit, lying and dishonesty, bankruptcies, the ruin of small houses, and the establishment of monopolies. Twenty-four thousand small houses have perished in Chicago since the advent of the department stores, and nearly one million in various parts of the United States.

The hope of the nation lies in the abolition of the competitive system, and the introduction of co-operation. One hundred men are employed in a factory, and they are working ten hours per day. A machine is invented which disposes of fifty men. Competition forces the proprietor to discharge the supernumeraries, who are thrown on the charity of the world, or affiliate with the criminal class. Under Socialism, the hun-

dred men will be retained, and the hours of labor will be reduced accordingly, and thus the condition of the toilers, the wealth-producers, is ameliorated with the progress of society.

Socialism, as we teach it in America, is simply the substitution of the co-operative for the competitive system. We propose to make the government the sole capitalist, the agent of the people, to manage the industrial system for the benefit of all. American Socialism does not propose to interfere with the home, family, or religion. It does not propose to interfere with private property, or to make a new distribution of the national wealth. It simply intends that the government shall buy the means of production and transportation from private individuals and operate these for the benefit of the people at large.

American Socialism does not advocate violent methods. We advocate the gradual absorption of industries by the government. Socialism will be inaugurated by the municipal ownership of light, water, and street railways. The government will then purchase one of the many lines of the railroads of the nation. If these attempts are successful, another railroad will be nationalized, and finally the government will have complete control of its transportation. Every movement in this direction will be an object lesson, and will finally culminate in national collectivism. If the railroads, for instance, should refuse to sell, the government will build rival roads, and the immense profits now accruing to the stockholders will be used in the reduction of rates and the increase of wages, and thus the private roads will pass out of existence. There is no injustice in this action, for if the roads now operated by private companies can not compete with the national roads, according to the competitive system, they should succumb.

Would industries conducted by the government be advantageous to the public? There is not the slightest doubt. The usual fare paid on street cars in the United States is five cents. These street railways are generally capitalized at ten or twenty times their real value. In New York, the Third Avenue line is capitalized at \$526,000 per mile, and it pays five per cent. on five millions of bonds, and ten per cent. on ten millions of stock. This amounts to more than one hundred per cent. on the real value of the line. The Broadway cable car line is capitalized at \$1,152,000 per mile, and the dividends are therefore more than two hundred per cent. on the real value of the road. If these roads were capitalized at their real value, and five per cent. dividends declared, they could afford to double the wages of their employees, and reduce the fare to one cent.

In Savannah, Georgia, in 1894, two rival companies reduced the fare to one cent, and they were surprised to find the increase in passengers was so enormous that the net profits from each car was four dollars and fifty cents per day more.

In 1891, Toronto, Canada, bought a street railway for \$1,500,000, and in three months its net profits amounted to \$75,000. In five years the profits from the operation of the line would have paid for its purchase. But the city sold the annual rental of the franchise for \$1,600 per mile, with the stipulation that it should receive eight per cent. of the gross proceeds up to one million; ten per cent. up to one and one-half million; fifteen per cent. up to three millions, and twenty per cent. above that sum. The city of Baltimore keeps twenty per cent. of the profits from the street railways, and the revenue arising from this source is \$300,000 annually. These illustrations are

sufficient to prove the utility of the municipal ownership of street railways.

The history of gas companies is equally convincing. When the English people, under municipal ownership, were paying seventy-five cents for gas, private companies in America were charging one dollar and seventy-five cents. In 1870, Wheeling, West Virginia, was paying three dollars and seventy cents for gas. The city established a gas plant which furnished gas to consumers for seventy-five cents, and to-day the cost has been reduced to forty cents. The plant cost \$176,000, and now it is worth \$600,000. By the establishment of a municipal plant, the city of Hamilton, Ohio, has reduced the price of gas from two dollars to seventy-five cents. Birmingham, England, furnishes gas for fifty cents per nineteen hundred feet, and Widness for twenty-eight cents per one thousand feet. Why should the people enrich a few individuals when the same service can be rendered for one-half or one-third the price?

The national ownership of railways is another exemplification of the benefits derived from the institution of Socialism. According to the authority of Mr. Gordon, Vail, Miller, and ex-Gov. William Larabee, railroads can be built and equipped at \$25,000 per mile. The Utah Central was built for \$7,300 per mile, and the Missouri Pacific for \$10,000 per mile. In the United States the railroads are capitalized at five, and not infrequently ten, times their real value. This signifies that railroads are paying from thirty to fifty per cent. on the money invested in the construction and equipment of these roads. The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad stood on the books, in 1869, at forty-six millions. The next year it was capitalized at ninety millions, and since it has been watered up to one hundred and forty five millions. The profits

realized from the operation of American railroads are amply sufficient to redeem the money expended in their construction and equipment in four years.

New Zealand has built and operates twenty-two hundred miles of railway. The employees, with an eight-hour workday, with a half holiday every week, six whole holidays in the year, receive thirty per cent. higher wages than is paid by American lines; passenger rates are one-third of a cent per mile, and yet the government realizes an annual profit of \$2,500,000.

The national railways of Germany were purchased at ninety-two thousand dollars per mile. Passengers rates are one and one-sixth cent per mile; commutation tickets, one-fourth of a cent per mile; employees receive one hundred and twenty per cent. higher wages than they receive on private roads, and thirteen men are employed per mile, whereas in America only four men are employed per mile. The profits from passengers in 1894 were eighty-five millions, and freight thirty-five millions, making a total of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire owns and operates 11,300 miles of road, which cost \$93,000 per mile. The total income from these lines in 1898 was one hundred and eight millions of dollars. The total expenses were fifty-eight millions of dollars, and eight millions of this was paid to employees in sick benefits and pensions. Eleven men per mile are employed. Passenger rates are one-third of a cent per mile, and the government realized an annual profit of fifty millions. The German and Austrian roads were purchased at three times their real value.

The national ownership of railroads has been illustrated in fifty-four countries, and the results have surpassed the hopes of the most sanguine. The employees are better paid, the roads are kept in splen-

did condition, accidents are rare, discrimination in favor of certain corporations is impossible, rates have been vastly reduced, and the roads are a source of revenue to the government.

We could build and equip a double-track railroad from Boston to San Francisco, a distance of three thousand four hundred and fifty miles, for less than two hundred million dollars. The expenses of operating such a road would be twenty millions for wear, etc.; one hundred and fifty thousand employees, at four dollars per day, of eight hours' labor, three hundred and fifty days in the year, would be two hundred and nineteen millions; fuel, oil, etc., ten millions, making a grand total of two hundred and forty-nine millions.

To-day it costs nearly one dollar to haul a ton of freight one hundred miles. By reducing this cost to twenty-five cents, it would increase business enormously. There would be one hundred and fifty thousand cars on this road, and each car would move ten tons ten miles per day; this would create an annual revenue of one hundred and ninety-five million dollars. It is probable that it would be five times this sum. By conveying passengers across the country for one dollar each, we could depend on having one hundred and fifty millions, and perhaps five hundred millions. This would be one hundred and fifty million dollars, and we will say four millions from the express, which makes a grand total of three hundred and forty-nine millions, or an annual profit of one hundred millions. In two years the profits would pay for the construction and equipment of the line.

It has been estimated by several competent authorities, that the railroads in America waste annually \$750,000,000 in competition. The waste in other industries is enormous. Under a Socialistic form of

government all this would be saved for the benefit of the public.

Unproductive labor is supported by productive labor. One man is engaged in making shoes, another in making clothes. A merchant buys the shoes from the former at seventy-five per cent., and sells them to the latter at one hundred per cent., and vice versa. These two men are supporting the merchant. In our present industrial system every producer is supporting nineteen parasites. Abolish the system and the producer will get the full value of his labor.

The capitalists are the leeches of industry. Postmaster General Creswell, in 1871, and Wanamaker, in 1890, recommended that the government should buy the telegraph lines, but the company spent large sums to thwart the measure. In the report of 1890 Wanamaker said that an investment of one thousand dollars in the Western Union in 1858 would have realized, up to that time, stock dividends of \$50,000, and cash dividends of \$100,000, or three hundred per cent. each year.

The private companies in England charged sixty cents for a message, and to-day, under government ownership, twelve words can be sent for twelve cents. In France and Belgium a message of ten words can be sent for ten cents.

The Metropolitan Telephone Company in New York realized in six years \$2,800,000 on an investment of \$600,000. In 1885 they cleared 116 per cent.; in 1886 it was 147 per cent, and 145 in 1887. Elgin, Illinois, paid a private company \$242 for arc lights till midnight. Since 1890 the city operates its own arc lights, and pays only \$85 for the same service all night. Municipal ownership of arc lights in Detroit has reduced the cost from \$130 to \$75; in Bangor, Maine, it has been reduced from \$150 to \$53; in Jacksonville,

Florida, it has been reduced one-fourth the original cost; in Lewiston, Maine, it has been reduced from \$182 to \$55; in Peabody, Massachusetts, from \$185 to \$62; in Bay City, Michigan, from \$110 to \$58; in Huntington, Indiana, from \$146 to \$50; in Bloomington, Illinois, from \$111 to \$51. Who can doubt the advantages of public ownership when he reads these figures?

The post-office is another illustration of the beneficial results of Socialism. The government will carry a letter from Texas to Alaska, a distance of several thousand miles, for two cents, and the employees have an eight-hour working day, with an average salary of nine hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Capitalists claim that the post-office does not pay expenses, but they do not assign the reason for the deficiency. When postage was three cents, the government had a surplus of several millions coming from the mail service. Even with the two-cent postage, the post-office would have a surplus were it not for the unjust exactions of the railroad companies.

The government pays an annual rental of \$3,500,000 for the use of five hundred postal cars, whereas these cars can be built for \$2,000,000, and they will last for twenty years. Besides, the government pays, in addition to this, at the rate of one cent a pound for every fifty-six miles, which is eight times as much as the express companies pay, and fifty times as much as shippers pay for the transportation of merchandise. Thousands of tons of mail, sent by the different departments of the government, are carried free, such as agricultural seeds, books, and pamphlets. In the mail service, the railroads rob the government of thirty millions annually. Under a Socialistic regime all this would be saved, and if the franking service were abolished, we could have a penny postage and yet make

several millions annually. The British post-office makes a net profit of sixteen millions a year. Nearly all the postal systems of the world show a profit, even those in sparsely settled Australia.

Prof. Theodore Hertzka, of Vienna, Austria, author of "Social Laws of Evolution," says: "I have calculated how much labor and time are necessary, with the aid of the present mechanical appliances, to produce what is required to support in ease and comfort the twenty-six million inhabitants of Austria, viz.: food, clothing, and shelter, consisting of a five-room house to a family, and necessary fuel, medicine, furniture, and utensils. I find it would require twenty-six million acres of arable land, and eight million acres in pasturage, or one and one-third acre per capita, and six hundred and fifteen thousand workmen, working eleven hours per day, three hundred days in the year. These six hundred and fifteen thousand are but twelve and three-tenths per cent. of the population able to work, excluding the women, children below sixteen years of age, and men above fifty years.

"If, instead of these six hundred and fifteen thousand, the whole five millions of men able to work were engaged, they would need to work but thirty-seven days in the year, or if they were to work three hundred days in the year, they would need to work but one hour and twenty-two and one-half minutes per day.

"Again, if all the luxuries of life were included, it would require five millions of workmen, or twenty per cent. of the population able to work, two hours and eleven minutes per day, three hundred days in the year. With this working power, the twenty-six million Austrians would be supplied with all their hearts could possibly desire. But again, if the whole five million men were employed three hours and twelve

minutes per day, they would need to work but seven months in the year."

Some people say that competition is the life of trade, is the incentive to exertion, and its elimination from society means decay and death of the commonwealth. If competition is essential to the development of society, then it must be a factor in the development of vegetable and animal life. Why does the farmer plow his field? Why does he not let the corn compete with the weeds? Why does he improve the fertility of his land with manure and other substances? Why does he let his fields rest for a few years, or plant them with crops that do not exhaust the fecundity of the soil? Why does he preserve the breed of his stock? Why does the horticulturist protect his flowers from the chilly blast of winter? Why not let the fragile plants compete with the biting frost and withering snow? If the agriculturist allowed competition full sway, his meadows would be filled with a useless, noxious growth that would soon destroy every blade of grass in the struggle for existence.

Democrats and Republicans speak of the harmony between labor and capital. There can be no harmony between opposing forces, for the existence of one depends on the destruction of the other. Capital and labor are like two boys playing see-saw, one must go down when the other goes up. The Republican and Democratic papers are always on the side of labor before election, and always on the side of capital after election. When there is a strike, these papers show their real animus. They cry for the blood of the poor man, and call on the public to arm themselves and shoot down the strikers.

The other day a man asked me what I would do with tramps under Socialism. What do you do with tramps under the competitive system? You let them

starve. Under Socialism there would be no tramps. A large number of people are tramps because they can not get work. A vast number can not get work that they are able to perform. Some were clerks, or bookkeepers, or mechanics, and, having lost their positions, are unable to perform the hard labor of the railroad section hand. Some are tramps because they were discouraged by long hours of laborious toil, with insufficient remuneration. Some have become hardened by the asperities of the world. Some few are dishonest, but the public is not aware of the fact, and gives them a support. Some were born tired, because their mothers labored like galley slaves during gestation, and the unborn foetus has been impregnated with ennui and lassitude, and comes into the world cursed with physical debility. Under Socialism, the working day would be reduced to two hours, and there would be labor for all, with a just compensation, and your tramps would disappear from the nation.

But the capitalist says that there would be no emulation under a Socialistic form of government. When men have all they want, they will not exert themselves. The capitalists of the world have all they want, and a great deal more than they can use. In fact, their wealth is a burden to them, and still they do not cease to exert themselves. Public approval would be the incentive to exertion. The laborer would invent some machine which would reduce the hours of toil for himself and his fellowmen, and he would become the hero of his craft, a star in the galaxy of the nation's great men. He would be pensioned, and thus enabled to devote his genius to the promotion of mechanical skill, which would be utilized for the amelioration of the human race.

Machinery is now used for the advancement of capital, and the degradation of labor, and the inventor

is robbed of the fruits of his genius for the personal aggrandizement of his employer. The man who would invent a new method of conducting business, or would introduce some innovation that would enhance the wealth of society and redound to the glory of the nation, would be recognized as a public benefactor, and his statue would be enshrined in the temple of fame.

What interest would it be to the government to build a railroad? says the capitalist. What interest was it to the government to establish the postal system, the public school, the army and the navy—all Socialistic enterprises? Some one would agitate the building of a road through a certain section of the country. Others would take up the question, and soon it would assume national importance.

Socialism is opposed because it is a step forward. Progress has always been opposed by a very large percentage of the people known as the conservative element. Socrates was put to death, Anaxagoras was imprisoned, Aristotle was compelled to seek safety in flight, Gerbert was abhorred as a magician, Roger Bacon languished in a dungeon for many years, Virgilius was condemned for teaching the existence of the antipodes, Savonarola lost his life in trying to save Florence from moral putrefaction, and Columbus, after braving wind and wave, was brought back in chains as a criminal, and, having added a new world to the Empire of Spain, died in poverty and distress.

Socialism will give every man an opportunity. It will make all men free and equal. Under it there will be no privileged class, and this is why it has been so obstinately opposed.

My friends, civilization progresses with the preservation of mental energies, and mental energies are wasted by maintenance and conflict. Vast wealth on one side and degrading poverty on the other, engender

a class struggle. The rich are vitiated by luxury and the poor are demoralized by poverty. The rich spend their time in seeking pleasure and keeping down the poor, and the poor spend their time in supporting themselves and their masters, and fighting for their freedom. Vast inequalities beget conflict, and increase the burden of maintenance, and retard the wheel of progress and destroy civilization.

Look back into the shadows of the lost ages, and what do you behold? The tombs of fallen empires and extinct races. Behold the glory of ancient Syria. Behold the splendor of Babylon and Nineveh, with their massive walls and brazen gates and minarets and towers and pinnacles that glistened and glittered in the golden sheen of a tropical sky! And where are they to-day? When Babylon went down, two per cent. of her population owned all the wealth, and the masses were starved. When Persia fell beneath the sword of doom, one per cent. of her population owned all the land.

Let us leave the valley of the Tigris and go to the sands of the Nile, and behold the glory of ancient Egypt, with her schools and libraries and temples and pyramids that were swept by the wandering clouds. When Egypt perished, two per cent. of her population owned ninety-seven per cent. of her wealth.

The eagle of progress perched on the rocks of the Mediterranean, and the Phoenician Confederation became the sun and center of civilization, spreading the rays of light upon every country, from the land of frozen streams to the billows of the southern sea. But wealth and poverty led to her ruin; she now lives only in the song of the bard.

The star of genius arose like a goddess from the wild Aegian flood that swept the rocks of Attica, and covered every land and every wave with the glory of its

sheen. The harp of the muse mingled with the sigh of the winds and the wail of the woods, the whisper of the trees and the voice of the groves. O Greece! land of poetry and eloquence, of sages and heroes, hallowed by the sacred memories that cluster around thy fountains and glide along thy streams! O Hellas, consecrated by the song of Apollo, whose lyre filled the lonely mountain dell with echoes weird and dim, and charmed the rocks of wild Parnassus with the magic of the sound, and held the world entranced around Castalia's silvery brook nestled in the shade of Helicon! thy ancient glory is lost and thou hast vanished from the galaxy of nations, and inequality is the cause of thy ruin. The Imperial City arose on the borders of the Tiber, and the Roman Eagles swept every land and every sea till the throne of the Caesars ruled the world. In the days of her supremacy, one thousand eight hundred men owned the Roman Empire, and the City of the Twins fell beneath the iron-clad hoofs of the Northman's battle steed.

At the dawn of the sixteenth century, Spain was the dominant nation of the earth. Her ships had broken the waves on every sea, her sails had been unfurled beneath the blue of every sky, and the glitter of every star, and the sun in his course around the globe never set on the dominion of the Goth. But the wealth of the nation was monopolized by the aristocracy of the realm, and the masses were degraded by poverty, and the wing of the dark angel has cast the shadow of gloom over the glory of ancient Iberia, and ere long the nations of the earth will chant the requiem of the Spanish Empire.

Behold the Italian republics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries! Lord Macaulay writes that "Italian ships covered every sea, Italian factories arose on every shore. The tables of Italian money-changers were

set in every city. Manufactories flourished. Banks were established. The operations of the commercial machine were facilitated by many useful and beautiful inventions. We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own excepted, have at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy attained four hundred years ago." (Essays, Vol. I., p. 199.) Florence alone had two hundred woolen factories and employed eighty thousand workmen. Eighty banks conducted the commercial operations not of Florence only, but of all Europe. The transactions of these establishments were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothschilds. Two houses advanced to Edward the Third of England a sum equivalent to fifteen millions of our money. (Ibid.)

It is doubtful whether all the banks in the State of Kentucky could advance that sum to-day. In art and science and literature Florence was the mistress of the globe. O City of Florence! I venerate thy name, for thou wert the glory of mediaeval Europe. Within thy hallowed walls poets and painters and sculptors have left the traces of their genius and made thee the Mecca of inspiration. "It is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened States of Italy, to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort or luxury, the factories swarming with artisans, the Apennines, covered with rich cultivation up to their very summit; the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, the halls which

rang with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins. Alas, for the beautiful city! Alas, for the wit and the learning, the genius and the love!" (Ibid, 202.)

The competitive system has produced its legitimate results. The means of production and distribution are monopolized. The wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few money kings. The masses are reduced to beggary, the bright galaxy of republics has vanished from the constellation of nations. The glory of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Sienna, Brescia, Milan, and Bergamo, has faded, and ere long the waves of the Adriatic and Mediterranean will chant the requiem of a dead kingdom, and the sunny skies of Italy will smile on the tomb of a buried race and a lost civilization.

A short time ago Umberto the First was assassinated by Bresci. The deed was horrible. But the government of Italy is responsible for the conditions which create anarchy. The poor Italians, laboring from early till late, live on the very lowest diet. Some of them prepare a cake made of nuts mixed with earth, which constitutes their food. It is not surprising that men goaded to desperation by hunger should rise in rebellion against their despots and slaughter those who have robbed them of their toil. Why should we express so much sympathy for Humbert, the oppressor of the masses, and have no word of compassion for the hundreds of men, women and children whom his soldiers slaughtered in the bread riots a few years ago? Bresci committed one murder, but Humbert,

and the system he represents, has killed thousands.

Every one who understands the evils of the competitive system is a cold-blooded murderer if he support this system, for his vote indorses and perpetuates the darkest iniquities that ever made the angels weep. The triumph of the Democratic or the Republican party means death and desolation to the toilers, and the assassin of Humbert is an angel of innocence compared with those who elect Bryan or McKinley. How long will the laboring people be deluded by false promises?

Economic individualism has transformed roses into thorns and flowers into thistles. Under the growth and domination of Competition joy and laughter are choked by sobs and sighs, and wreaths of smiles are drowned in floods of tears. Why should the toilers in the great city of Chicago invite Bryan and Roosevelt to address them on Labor Day? These demagogues offered no specific for the evils that afflict the laboring element. The Democrat and Republican platforms do not propose to give a four-hour working day with increased wages, because their parties are interested in the robbery of labor. They are vampires that prey on the heart's blood of the millions, and they will never cease till the masses sign their own emancipation. Yet these outraged, down-trodden, persecuted people will perpetuate their slavery by supporting capitalism. They will shout for Bryan and McKinley and denounce Socialist leaders as their enemies.

The Times-Star, commenting on Labor Day, says this government honors labor with legal recognition, and the people of this great country look with pride on the toilers. "The penniless boy of yesterday is the millionaire of to-day; the field is open to him who toils, and to him alone." Yes, this government honors la-

borers with its lips, but its heart is far from them. The triumph of the Democratic party means that the capitalist will get sixteen dollars and the laborer will get one; and the election of the Republican party means that the capitalist will get all, and the laborer will get none. One party claims that if we had money that would not wear out so quickly, everybody would be prosperous; and the other party says we should maintain the gold standard, because a small piece of that metal is very valuable, and the laboring people could easily carry their wages in their pockets without any injury to their constitution. But neither party comes out and says to the laboring people: "We have heretofore robbed you of eighty-three per cent. of your labor, but we are sorry for what we have done, and we propose to give you all that you make in the future, and restore to you what we have stolen in the past."

Let us examine the history of France during the century preceding the French Revolution. Louis the Fourteenth lived in Oriental pomp and magnificence. There were eighty thousand aristocratic families reveling in luxuries and spending their time in the pursuit of pleasure and vice, and twenty-four millions of subjects were kept in the most degrading state of poverty, giving the fruit of their toil to the supercilious nobles that looked upon the proletarian masses with contempt and aversion. Versailles was the rendezvous of vice, and those regal halls constantly rang with the mirth of a licentious court. Louis the Fifteenth improved upon the profligacy of his predecessor. At fourteen he married Marie, daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland. She was discarded for the superior attractions of Madame de Mailby, until the latter was supplanted by her sister. Then the star of Madame Tournelle arose resplendently in the royal

court, and the other mistresses were dismissed. The beauty of Mademoiselle Valois and the Princess of Conti were rewarded with the embraces of the royal debauchee. Finally Madame Pompadour triumphed over all her adversaries in the regal bagnio, and, for many years, this vile bawd ruled France and shaped the policy of the nation. For half a century the land of Clovis and Charlemagne was governed by prostitutes, who lived in the most extravagant luxury.

While these iniquities were dishonoring the nation the people were dying from starvation. Offices were bought and sold, judges paid enormous sums for their places, and then sold their decisions. Titles were sold, and trades and professions became commodities in the market of corruption. These appalling iniquities were intensified with the passage of the decades, and covered the kingdom of the Franks with sorrow and desolation. The people were hungry, ignorant, naked, oppressed, and beautiful France, the land of art and science, learning and genius, was fast becoming a sepulcher for the Gallic race. But the weight of oppression became so stupendous as time rolled on, that the nerves of the nation were stretched to their utmost tension, and the masses, goaded to fury by the hydra-headed monster that preyed on their hearts' blood, rose like a giant against the despots and bathed the realm with their blood.

The Reign of Terror was the legitimate scion of unmitigated persecution, the culmination of wrongs engendered by the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, while the poor were enthralled, degraded, and starved to death. Had it not been for the Revolution, France would have taken her place among the fallen empires and defunct nations. In the havoc of battle, in the change of government, property was

again equalized, and the life of the kingdom was preserved from decay.

But we boast that there is no danger for the integrity and durability of the American Republic. So thought Rome and Venice and Florence and Genoa. When the Italian republics were the light of the world, cultivating every art and science, and conducting the commercial enterprises of Europe, England and Scotland were yet in swathing bands. When Leon and Castile were extending their dominions into the southern and western hemispheres, when Spanish warriors were carrying the emblem of their country to distant climes, and bringing the blessings of civilization to tribes beneath the light of foreign skies, the Netherlands and Scandinavia were in the childhood of national life. Progress has waned in the south and now flourishes in the north. The older countries have perished in the competitive struggle, the industrial system is seeking victims in new fields, and the doom of death is on the brow of nations that apparently are in the vigor of manhood.

When Caesar planted the Roman Eagles on the rocks of Britain, savage tribes roamed over the purple-robed vales of Kent, hunting the deer and the wolf, and lighted their camp-fires on the banks of the Thames to prepare their prey for the festive board. Time has changed. The Empire of Rome has fallen. The palaces of the Caesars are buried. The temples of the gods are in ruins. New peoples sprang up on the borders of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Young republics crowned the Umbrian hills and the rocks of the Maritime Alps, and the Roman name lives only in the history of the past, in the monuments of genius that have made the City of the Twins the cradle of western civilization. The Anglo-Saxon race has emerged from the obscurity of nomadic life to the

pinnacle of national glory, sweeping every sea, unfurling the banner of empire beneath every sky, and in the vast magnitude of its dominion, looking down with contemptuous pity upon those countries that once received the sanction of their laws from the shores of the Tiber.

The competitive system has produced the same results here as in other lands. History repeats itself, and political corruption in this country is more startling than it was in France in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Offices are bought. Votes are sold. Good men have retired from the political arena, because they can not conscientiously adopt the corrupt methods of office-holders, and they have no chance of being elected. Our municipalities are governed by saloon-keepers, gamblers, men of the darkest stamp and lowest type of character. Wealth is rapidly gravitating to the coffers of a privileged class. We speak of kings and emperors, dukes and barons, but all the countries on the face of the earth have not as many monarchs as the land of the free and the home of the brave. Rockefeller's income equals the salaries paid to all of the crowned heads of Europe. The wealth of the capitalists is doubling every three years, and before the first decade of the twentieth century has rolled away, a few thousand families will own the country from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf to the Lakes.

The barbarians dwelling on the shores of the Baltic came down on the fair provinces of Roman civilization and swept away the work of centuries. The Vandals that shall engulf Columbia in the cyclone of destruction will not come down from the frigid zone, or move over the stormy waves from the gate of the Orient, or arise from the islands of the Southern Pacific; but they will emerge from the slums and the tene-

ment house, from the mill and the factory, from the forge and the furnace, and the goddess of liberty will fly from the halls of the nation, and seek refuge in the forest wilds of other lands.

Oh, my fair country! land of my nativity! I love thee! I love thy mountains and thy hills, thy meadows and thy groves. I love thy brooks and rills, and lakes and bays, and seas and streams! I love the pioneers who brought the blessings of civilization to the wilderness. I love the heroes who bore the starry banner from Bunker Hill till it waved in triumph above the flag of the Briton from the walls of Yorktown. I love the patriots who consecrated the temple of freedom and enthroned the goddess of liberty in the halls of the nation. I go back in fancy's flight to the early days of our history. I visit the mausoleums, where sleep the bones of the valiant dead. I summon the shades of the silent heroes from the dust of ages. I conjure the spirits of Washington and Jefferson to arise from their somber tombs and breathe upon the ebbing life of the nation and restore it to the bloom of health, that sons of freedom may be born to protect the rising generation from the thralldom of capitalism.

The capitalists say that under Socialism our powers of productivity would be multiplied twenty-fold, and that we would have too much, and that would be worse than starving. If men are not constantly employed, they will become inert and slothful, and civilization will retrograde. These people presume that man is actuated solely by corporal desires, and forget the existence of the human mind.

The sublimity of the human **mind** shines forth in all the works of the human race. It shines forth in the grand periods of Demosthenes, who electrified the statesmen of Greece, and in the eloquent flights of Cicero, who held in his hand the mighty heart of

Rome. It shines forth in the brush of Raphael and Angelo, who gave the canvas life and speech, and sketched the smile and frown. It shines forth in the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles, who carved the tear and sigh and made the marble laugh and weep. It shines forth in the visions of Homer and the dream of Milton, in the lyre of Shelley and the harp of Byron. It shines forth in the strains of Mozart and Beethoven, who have thrilled the world with the waves of symphony and floods of harmony. The majesty of the human soul beams forth in all the works of art, in all the achievements of science, in all the trophies of progress, in all the thoughts and in all the dreams, in all the raptures and in all the ecstasies, in all the flights of fancy, and in all the visions of glory that have made the golden page of the history of the world.

The mind of man is not circumscribed by space or time. It lives in every age and roams through every world. It has flown on the wings of thought to these distant stars, whose rays have struggled through the long aeons to reach the atmosphere that envelops the earth. It has discovered that those faint specks of light that twinkle in the distant skies are glittering orbs and dazzling suns. It can sweep through all the boundless realms of space, and weigh all the globes, and measure all the spheres. It can touch all the worlds and planets and constellations that wander through those vast realms where no sound has ever broken the deep silence of premundane existence. The human mind can soar beyond flaming space, beyond etherial zones, beyond those dark regions where no sun has ever cast his golden beams, and where night, black and awful, has hung his sable curtains.

Let all the power of government, let all the forces of society, be utilized in the development of our national genius. Poverty has robbed the world of mil-

lions of great minds. Many a Homer has died in the furrow, and bequeathed no legacy to the human race. Many a Raphael has spent his days in the obscurity of rural life or has perished in the alleys of the world's great cities, and left no monuments to future ages. The development of genius depends on opportunities for thought and study, and our industrial system gives these advantages only to a favored few, and perhaps not to the brightest intellects of every age. Among the millions of men whose records are not written on the pages of history, there must have been some mighty minds.

Let us, therefore, emancipate the human soul from the bondage of incessant toil, and our country will be filled with philosophers and scientists, poets and orators, painters and sculptors. We will collect the glory of all past centuries; the genius of all the buried ages will be concentrated in our land. We will follow the eagle of progress in her flight beyond the glittering stars, bands of shining angels will sing the glory of our triumphs, and the smiles of God will light up all the realm, from the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence to the golden sands of the Southern Gulf.